

Necrotale

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Necrotale

by [WO3_Studios](#)

Summary

Despised I am as Pharaoh and Liar,
After me, the Weak Inquire.
I rise above for I am Death and Life of Fire.
What am I Hiding?

The Truth.

Notes

Hello, Everyone!

Welcome to our Undertale AU, Necrotale!

The Epilogue is kind of short, but as the plot thickens, they will get longer! ^3^

A link to our DA with Fanart/Original art of our Necrotale AU will be posted soon!

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Nightfall was a cruel mistress.

Bitter wind howled its symphony through the labyrinth of snow drenched trees.

Untouched, there would have been no life to speak of in these woods... had it not been for a faint whimper, followed by a snuffle.

Inside the hollow of a large oak tree, a small bundle shrank into a tight fetal position.

Alone, her body racked with small trembles as a heavy hunger began to settle in the pit of her stomach.

Today's pitiful attempt to steal food left her empty handed. Stealing from a vegetable cart should have been easy, but she lacked the skills to remain stealthy. It also didn't help that the creature selling the vegetables was a giant owl able to crane its head a full one eighty.

Making her escape left her tripping over a small lady carrying trash bags. The contents of the trash bags revealed stale croissants, and before the girl could snag one, the small lady began yelling at her, shaking three of her six fists.

Once the girl realized the angry little woman was a black widow, well, let's just say she didn't need to be told twice to run as far away as her banged up knees could take her.

Today marks day seven of having nothing to eat.

Hot tears drenched her makeshift pillow; slowly, she began remembering when her life was much more simple. Every day was spent with her mother, learning, fun activities and hot food ready to be devoured. Once a week, her older brother would call her using their magic mirror, and he'd tell her about his endeavors.

A heavy blink nearly made her slip into sleep.

She sniffled, rubbing her nose that had gone numb.

It seemed mere moments ago she was enjoying their nightly bed time story told by her mother, safe and sound next to the warmth of a fire-

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As her mother read the tales of The Lost Monster King, her brother watched from the mirror, smiling.

Suddenly, her brother cried out in pain. A disembodied voice from behind him chuckled, muttering something she was unable to hear. Helpless, the two of them watched her brother succumb to a twisted monstrosity of nature... the mirror shattering-

"Run!" her mother screamed, grabbing her hand and running for the long tunnel that led to the ruin doors.

Roars echoed behind them.

Whatever was barreling down the hallway towards them, was no longer her brother.

“Mama, what’s happening? Where are we going,” she pleaded to know what had happened, if there was an explanation to her brother’s sudden change.

“There is no time to explain, Xan’za,” Her mother kneeled down to Xan’za’s height, her red eyes growing misty, knowing it would be a long time before they would ever see each other again.

“You must survive! You are the only one who can find our lost king. Find him before it becomes too late for all us monster kind,” she grabbed Xan’za into one last tight hug, before standing back up. Fire flared around her as it manifested in her hands, shouting a spell in a long forgotten language, the massive ruin doors slowly pushing open.

Xan’za began to cry, immediately shivering upon feeling the cold air on her exposed skin for the first time. “No, mama... I don’t want to leave you behind!”

“I’m sorry, Xan’za.”

With a blast of hot air, Xan’za felt her body knocked back into the air, landing in a huge pile of snow. She recovered quickly, stumbling to reaching the shutting doors. She shouted for her mother, reaching out for her. “Mama!”

“When you find him,” her mother smiled sadly, closing her eyes as the roar behind her was only a few feet away. “Tell him Toriel sent you... I love you.”

As Xan’za reached out for her mother, the massive doors pulled closed, sealing her mother and the dark tendrils.

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A branch snapped.

Quickly, the long haired brunette peeked up from the bundle of torn and ragged quilts, the bitter cold stinging her tear stained cheeks.

She wearily gazed out of the hollowed entrance to her make shift home, greeted with only darkness and the faint glow of the moonstones above. The silence to follow only made her feel queasier.

How was she supposed to find their lost king when she could barely take care of herself in this hellish frozen nightmare? These questions befuddled her already daunted mind as she tried to make sense of this inscrutable mystery.

Another branch snapped.

She ducked under her blankets, squeezing her eyes shut.

Waiting for something to happen made her apprehensive, too terrified to sleep at first, but unfortunately, all living things required rest. She eventually ended up passing out, hugging her knees to her chest.

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With a sudden hitch in her breath, the tired girl finally stirred to life.

Each heavy blink threatened to put her back to sleep, her head throbbing as the early stages of dehydration settled in. Her mouth felt too dry, like she had chewed on cotton. Her stomach roared to life, filling her throat with the threats of stomach acids. She had to find something to eat today... using that as motivation, she forced herself up.

Quickly tucking her blankets next to a small wooden box, she grabbed her torn up scarf and beanie, placing them on. Her face felt constantly flushed, noticing that even her ears had faint warmth as she tucked them up into her beanie. Carefully putting her thin flats on her feet, she began the tedious task of crawling out of her hollow.

Suddenly, the cold air stung her exposed cheeks, hands and legs, which were uncovered since all she wore was a beaten up long sleeved romper. She pulled her scarf up closer to her face to try and save her burning nose.

As she began her long walk towards the nearest town, she looked around at the blankets of snow covering the trees and ground. The only sound she could hear was her flats crunching in the snow. Putrefying trees permeated either side of the pathway, their emaciated, black branches reaching towards the rocky crystallized ceiling like the fingers of a witch.

She hated it out here; there was no peace of mind, no safety...no mama...

She fought back the bitter sting of tears as the massive town came into view, her eyes glancing over to the familiar sign:

Welcome to Snowdin

The Furthest Place You Can Be.

She gave a half-hearted smile. *Whoever put up that sign definitely had a sense of humor*, She thought as she trudged onward, sticking to keeping her head down. See, the reason she never came into town often was because this town was *full* of monsters...and they didn't take kindly to humans... or anything that closely resembled one.

Keeping her head down, each step felt like she was trudging through bubbling mud. Her legs threatened to give out at any moment; the pounding in her head reaching the front of her face, her eyes throbbing in sync with her head pains.

Xan'za blinked: the sidewalk for a moment began to split, purple dots dancing across her vision.

She had to hurry.

She had to find something to eat fast!

The refreshing smell of yeast and bread revived her stomach for a moment, giving her just enough stride in her walk to make it to the source: Ms. Muffet's Egyptian Pastry's.

Avoiding the front of the shop, she made her way towards the alleyway that leads to the back of the shop. Surely there would be tossed out mess up for her to gorge on, right?

Luckily for her, a crate of tossed croissants was waiting for her next to the massive dumpster; the footsteps that lead to and from the crate indicating that they were just put there. Her mouth watered as she dove for the croissants, stuffing the first one straight into her mouth, barely chewing and swallowing.

Only feeling sweet relief for a fleeting moment, numbness began crawling up from the pit of her stomach, into her throat and washed over her entire face. Her ears began to ring, causing the noises of the world to drown away, her jaw tensing as her mouth flooded with saliva.

She only had enough time to turn her head away, avoiding the croissants as she threw up.

"Oi!" came an angry squeak behind Xan'za.

The girl froze in fear.

Oh no.

No, no, no, no.

She was caught again!

Weakly, Xan'za turned towards the black widow spider. Her three sets of arms were resting on her hips, a look of disappointment mixed with annoyance across her face. By her tone, she must've been scolding Xan'za in her native language.

The spider lady's voice began to drown out as the ringing returned with a vengeance, the heat in her face flashing tenfold as her vision was taken over by darkness.

The last thing Xan'za felt was her body hitting the hard snow..

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